I MET HIM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SAHARA DESERT.

THE MOTOR OF MY PLANE BROKE DOWN,
AND HAVING MADE AN EMERGENCY LANDING
SOMEWHERE IN THE BLAZING DESERT,
I WAS DESPERATELY TRYING TO MOVE MY PLANE.
I HAD A MERE TWO DAYS' WORTH
OF WATER LEFT IN MY CANTEEN.
IS THIS HOW SURVIVORS FEEL WHEN
THEY ARE STRANDED ON A RAFT IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN?

RIGHT WHEN MY MIND WAS FOCUSED
ENTIRELY ON MY TOOLS AND THE ENGINE,
I MET HIM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SAHARA DESERT.

"DRAW ME A SHEEP!"
"WHAT?"
"DRAW ME A SHEEP!"

THERE STOOD A SMALL BOY LOOKING
AT ME WITH GREAT SERIOUSNESS.
CAN YOU EVEN IMAGINE HOW SURPRISED I WAS?
PLEASE DON'T FORGET THAT THE PLACE
WHERE I WAS STRANDED WAS THOUSANDS
OF KILOMETERS AWAY FROM THE NEAREST TOWN.

"PLEASE... DRAW ME A SHEEP."

I WANTED TO EXPLAIN,
THAT I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THAT RIGHT NOW.
I NEED TO THINK OF WHAT I'M GOING TO EAT
AND DRINK TO SURVIVE. BUT BEING ANNOYED,
I DREW HIM ONE OF THE TWO PICTURES
THAT I AM CAPABLE OF DRAWING: A PICTURE
OF A BOA CONSTRICTOR FROM THE OUTSIDE.

HOPING THAT HE WOULD BE SATISFIED WITH IT.

"NO, NO. I DON'T WANT AN ELEPHANT
INSIDE A BOA CONSTRICTOR.
BOA CONSTRICTORS ARE VERY DANGEROUS.
AND ELEPHANTS ARE FAR TOO CUMBERSOME.
WHERE I LIVE, EVERYTHING IS VERY SMALL.
WHAT I NEED IS A SHEEP."

WHAT THE CHILD SAID REMINDED ME
OF MY CHILDHOOD. WHENEVER I WOULD DRAW
A BOA CONSTRICTOR FROM THE OUTSIDE, ADULTS
WOULD SAY: "WHY ARE YOU DRAWING A HAT?"

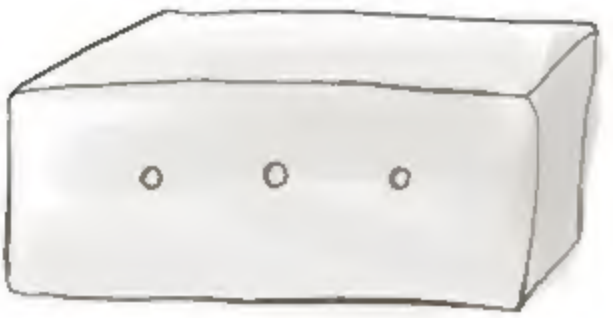
NOW, I REGRET HAVING TOLD HIM THAT
"NOW" IS NO TIME FOR DRAWING.

WE ALWAYS SAY THAT "NOW"
IS NOT THE RIGHT TIME.
EVEN THOUGH THAT TIME MAY BE
THE ONLY TIME WE WILL EVER GET.

I HELD MY PEN AGAIN AND DREW A SHEEP.
AFTER A FEW ATTEMPTS,
I FINALLY HANDED OVER TO HIM
THE DRAWING THAT HE WANTED,

"THIS IS A BOX. THE SHEEP
THAT YOU WANT IS INSIDE."

THIS IS HOW I CAME TO KNOW THE LITTLE PRINCE.



IT TOOK ME LONG TIME TO LEARN
WHERE HE CAME FROM.
THE LITTLE PRINCE WAS A BOY
WHO ENJOYED SPEAKING MORE THAN LISTENING,
YET I GRADUALLY FOUND OUT
ABOUT HIM BY PUTTING TOGETHER
BITS AND PIECES FROM WHAT HE TOLD ME.

"WHICH PLANET DID YOU COME FROM, MISTER?"
"THEN ARE YOU FROM ANOTHER PLANET?"

HE NODDED IN PLACE OF AN ANSWER.
THEN AFTER BEING LOST DEEP IN HIS OWN
THOUGHTS FOR A WHILE,
HE LOOK OUT THE PICTURE OF A SHEEP
THAT I DREW FOR HIM AND GAZED INTENTLY AT IT.

I'M SURE YOU CAN ALL GUESS HOW CURIOUS
I WAS AT THE SECRET HE HINTED AT WITH
THE MENTION OF "ANOTHER PLANET."

"WHERE ARE YOU FROM?
WHERE IS THIS 'OTHER PLANET'
OF WHICH YOU SPEAK?"

"A PLANET. A VERY SMALL ONE."

EACH DAY,
I GRADUALLY CAME TO KNOW OF HIS JOURNEY.
I FOUND OUT LITTLE BY LITTLE
THROUGH THE THINGS THAT THE
LITTLE PRINCE WOULD CASUALLY MENTION.

HE SAID THAT HE CLEANED
OUT SMALL VOLCANOES SO THAT
THEY COULD ERUPT SMOOTHLY,
PLUCKED THE ROOTS OF BAOBAB TREES
IN CASE THEY DESTROYED HIS PLANET,
COVERED HIS PRECIOUS ROSE SO THAT
IT WOULDN'T WILT IN THE COLD, AND THAT
HIS FAVORITE THING WAS WATCHING THE SUNSET.
HE SAID HE ONCE TURNED HIS CHAIR AROUND
SEVERAL TIMES JUST SO THAT HE COULD
WATCH THE SUNSET A FEW TIMES.

WHENEVER THE LITTLE PRINCE ASKED A QUESTION,
HE NEVER GAVE UP ON IT.
BUT I WAS FOCUSED ON TRYING
TO REMOVE A BOLT THAT WAS SCREWED IN
VERY TIGHTLY, AND AT THE MOMENT,
I WAS TIRED OF HIS QUESTIONS.

"THAT'S ENOUGH! I DON'T CARE!
I JUST ANSWERED AS BEST AS I COULD.
I HAVE SOMETHING MORE
IMPORTANT TO DO RIGHT NOW!"

HE LOOKED AT ME IN SURPRISE.

"YOU'RE TALKING JUST LIKE AN ADULT!"
"YOU'RE CONFUSING EVERYTHING,
MISTER... YOU'RE CONFUSING EVERYTHING!"

HE WAS ANGRY.
HIS BLOND HAIR FLUTTERED IN THE BREEZE,
AND AFTER AN OUTPOURING OF WORDS,
HE SUDDENLY BEGAN TO SOB.
IT WAS AFTER DARK.
I PUT DOWN THE TOOL THAT I WAS HOLDING.

I NO LONGER KNEW WHAT I SHOULD SAY.
I FELT A BIT EMBARRASSED.

WE TALKED ABOUT HIS JOURNEY.

HE DECIDED TO START BY VISITING
NEIGHBORING PLANETS IN ORDER
TO EXPAND HIS KNOWLEDGE.

ON THE FIRST STAR LIVED A BUSINESSMAN.
HE WAS SO BUSY THAT
HE DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO LIFT
HIS HEAD WHEN THE LITTLE PRINCE APPEARED.

"HI. WHAT KIND OF PLANET IS THIS?"
"WHAT KIND OF PLANET IS IT?
IT'S JUST A SOUTHERN PLANET. AND I'M BUSY."
"COULD YOU DRAW ME A SHEEP?"
"NO, I SAID I'M BUSY. AND HARD-WORKING."

WITHOUT LIFTING HIS HEAD,
THE BUSINESSMAN SPOKE WITH A CIGARETTE IN
HIS MOUTH THAT HAD GONE OUT.
AT THE START AND END OF ALMOST EVERYTHING
HE SAID WAS THE WORD "BUSY."

"I WOULDN'T DRAW YOU ANYTHING EVEN IF I COULD.
BECAUSE THAT KIND OF THING ISN'T IMPORTANT.
PLUS I'M BUSY, OF COURSE."
"THEN WHAT IS IMPORTANT?"

THE BUSINESSMAN GLANCED
AT THE LITTLE PRINCE AND THEN ANSWERED.

"WORK. WE MUST WORK. NOTHING ELSE MATTERS.
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT?
PEOPLE WHO DON'T WORK HARD,
AND CHILDREN WHO ONLY THINK OF SHEEP,
CAN'T BECOME GREAT ADULTS.
YOU HAVE TO STAY BUSY."
"WHAT GOOD DOES WORKING HARD DO?"
"YOU MAKE MONEY. SO YOU CAN OWN THINGS.
A HOUSE, LAND, A PLANET, EVERYTHING."

THE LITTLE PRINCE HAD A VERY
DIFFERENT IDEA FROM ADULTS ABOUT
WHAT WAS IMPORTANT. HOW COULD THAT PERSON
NOT THINK ABOUT SUNSETS OR HAVING A SHEEP
INSIDE A DRAWING?
THEY'RE THINGS THAT YOU CAN ENJOY
NOW OR ANY OTHER TIME.

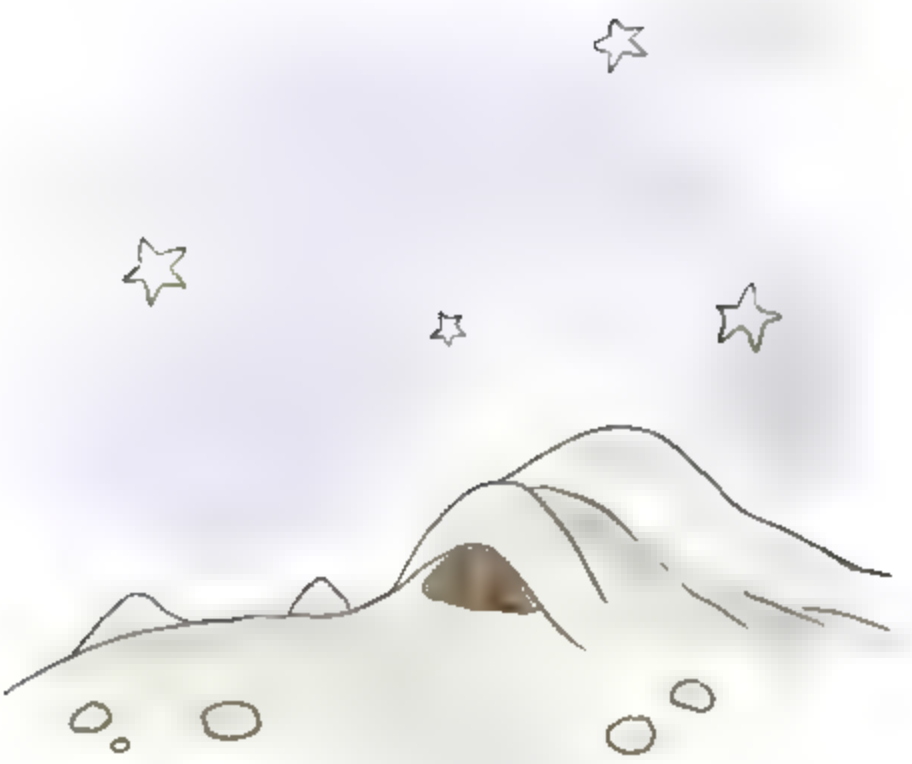
BUT HE DIDN'T SAY THIS.
THE BUSINESSMAN LOOKED TOO BUSY,
AND HE HAD EVEN TOLD THE LITTLE
PRINCE WHERE HIS NEXT DESTINATION WAS.

"COULD YOU PLEASE LEAVE?
THE EASTERN STAR IS NEARBY.
JUST GO THERE OR ANYWHERE ELSE.

"ADULTS ARE SO STRANGE,"
THE LITTLE PRINCE MUMBLED TO HIMSELF
AS HE TRAVELED.

WHEN HE ARRIVED ON THE EASTERN PLANET,
THE LITTLE PRINCE ENCOUNTERED
A MIDDLE-AGED MAN PACING ANXIOUSLY
IN FRONT OF A RED MAILBOX.

"MISTER, ARE YOU WAITING FOR A LETTER?"
"THAT'S RIGHT. DID YOU HAPPEN TO SEE
THE MAILMAN ON YOUR WAY HERE?"
"I SAW A SHOOTING STAR WITH A LONG TAIL.
ITS LONG, YELLOW, BEAUTIFUL TAIL
WAS DANGLING LIKE A RIBBON.
"NO, NO.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING,
CHILD. I SAID I'M WAITING FOR A LETTER."
"WHAT KIND OF LETTER?"
"IT'S A LETTER WITH AN ORDER ON IT.
ABOUT WHAT I HAVE TO DO.
I CAN'T START WORKING WITHOUT IT."



THE LITTLE PRINCE LOOKED AROUND.
ON ONE SIDE OF THE PLANET
COVERED IN PILES OF ROCKS,
HE SAW A CAVE LARGE ENOUGH FOR AN
ADULT TO KNEEL DOWN AND ENTER.

"ARE YOU A MINER?"
"NO. I GO INTO THE CAVE
AND MEASURE THE PLANET'S TEMPERATURE
EVERY DAY WHEN THE SUN COMES UP.
THEN I HAVE A QUICK LUNCH AT NOON
AND GO BACK INTO THE CAVE TO
MEASURE THE TEMPERATURE
AND WRITE REPORTS UNTIL THE SUN SETS.
"THEN SHOULDN'T YOU START NOW?
THE SUN IS ABOUT TO COME UP OVER THERE."
"I CAN'T YET. I HAVEN'T GOTTEN THE ORDER YET."

THE LITTLE PRINCE WAS PUZZLED.
HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY
THE MAN WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO DO
SOMETHING THAT HE DOES EVERY DAY
JUST BECAUSE HE HADN'T RECEIVED AN ORDER.

THE MAN LOOKED BACK AND FORTH
BETWEEN THE RED MAILBOX,
THE END OF THE ROAD, AND THE SKY
AS HE CHEWED HIS FINGERNAILS.

"WHOSE SUBORDINATE ARE YOU?

"I'M NOT A SUBORDINATE.
I'M AN EMPLOYEE. NO. WOULD IT BE RIGHT
TO SAY SUBORDINATE?
I HAD BETTER SEND A LETTER AND ASK."

IGNORING THE QUESTION, HE STUCK HIS HAND IN
HIS POCKET AND PULLED OUT A PEN AND PAPER.

THE LITTLE PRINCE WANTED
TO ASK HIM TO DRAW A SHEEP,
BUT HE LOOKED VERY ANXIOUS AND
THE SUN WAS COMING OVER THE PEAK OF THE HILL,
SO HE DECIDED NOT TO TALK TO HIM ANYMORE.

WHEN THE LITTLE PRINCE ARRIVED
ON THE WESTERN PLANET,
HE ENCOUNTERED TWO ADULTS SITTING
ACROSS FROM EACH OTHER AT A TABLE.

HE TRIED WAVING HIS HANDS AT
THE TWO PEOPLE WHO WERE ARGUING OVER
A TABLE PILED WITH DOCUMENTS AND LETTERS,
BUT THEY WERE SO FOCUSED ON THEIR
CONVERSATION THAT
THEY PAID NO ATTENTION TO HIM.

"MY METHOD IS THE RIGHT ONE.
THAT MEANS THAT YOU'RE WRONG."
"NO, MY METHOD IS THE RIGHT ONE
SINCE YOURS IS WRONG."
"THAT'S NOT TRUE. THERE ARE FAR MORE PEOPLE
WHO THINK THAT MY METHOD IS RIGHT."
"HOW COULD YOU THINK THAT?
THAT THOUGHT IS WRONG."
"I THINK THIS BECAUSE YOUR THOUGHT IS WRONG."

THE LITTLE PRINCE WAS
CURIOUS AS TO WHAT THE TWO MEN
WERE TALKING ABOUT SO HE STOOD
THERE FOR A LONG TIME AND LISTENED.
BUT THEY JUST KEPT ARGUING IN CIRCLES,
AND IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THEY
WOULD REACH A CONCLUSION
NO MATTER HOW LONG THEY SAT THERE.

"HOW UNFORTUNATE THAT YOU OPPOSE
MY METHOD EVEN THOUGH YOU KNOW IT'S RIGHT."
"VERY UNFORTUNATE INDEED THAT YOU REFUSE TO
CONCEDE THAT YOUR METHOD IS WRONG
IN SPITE OF KNOWING SO."
"SAME WITH YOU. HOW UNFORTUNATE."
"INDEED, IT IS UNFORTUNATE."

BORED, THE LITTLE PRINCE GAZED
FOR A MOMENT AT THE SUN SETTING
AND MOON RISING BEHIND THEM,
THEN HE SPOTTED A ROUND,
RED STAR IN THE CENTER OF THE SKY.
EVEN AS HE WAS PREPARING TO LEAVE,
THEIR ARGUMENT HAD NOT ENDED.

"YOU'RE STUPID."
"YOU'RE STUPID TOO."

"WELCOME! THIS IS MY PLANET."

AS SOON AS HE APPROACHED,
A KING WHOSE BEARD STRETCHED ALL
THE WAY DOWN TO THE GROUND SHOUTED.
THE LITTLE PRINCE ASKED HIM.

"WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS PLANET?"
"THERE IS A BRIGHT, ROUND O IN THE MIDDLE
OF THIS PLANET,
AND THAT IS THE NAME OF THIS PLANET."

THE KING GENTLY SMOOTHED OUT
HIS BEARD AS HE CONTINUED SPEAKING.

"THE BUSINESSMAN, THE EMPLOYEE AND THE
PUBLIC SERVANT ARE ALL UNDER MY COMMAND."

THE LITTLE PRINCE RECALLED THE PREVIOUS PLANETS.

"IT SEEMED LIKE A FEW OF THEM WEREN'T
DOING THEIR JOBS PROPERLY THOUGH."
"IS THAT SO? HMPH. THEN I HAD BETTER
ORDER THEM TO DO THEIR WORK PROPERLY."

AFTER CLEARING HIS THROAT,
THE KING SHOUTED WITH DIGNITY OUT INTO SPACE.

"ANY SUBJECTS WHO DO NOT DO THEIR WORK
PROPERLY FROM NOW ON
WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED!"

THAT WAS ALL. YET THE KING STROKED
HIS BEARD AGAIN,
APPEARING PLEASED WITH HIMSELF,
AND LOOKED DOWN AT THE LITTLE PRINCE
WITH A SOFT LOOK IN HIS EYES.

"DO YOU UNDERSTAND? THIS IS THE JOB OF A KING."

THE LITTLE PRINCE ASKED CAUTIOUSLY.

"DO YOU THINK THEY HEARD YOUR VOICE,
YOUR MAJESTY?"

"OF COURSE. BECAUSE I'M THE KING."

"BUT THOSE PLANETS ARE ALL SO FAR AWAY
THAT IT EVEN TAKES A LONG TIME
FOR LETTERS TO REACH THEM."

IRRITATED,
THE KING CLEARED HIS THROAT ONCE MORE.

"YOU HEARD MY VOICE, DIDN'T YOU?
THEN DON'T YOU THINK THAT MY OTHER
SUBJECTS WOULD HAVE HEARD IT TOO?"

THE LITTLE PRINCE DIDN'T ASK HIM ANYTHING ELSE.

THERE WERE SO MANY THINGS THAT HE DIDN'T
UNDERSTAND ABOUT THE KING OR ADULTS,
BUT HE CONSIDERED IT MORE IMPORTANT
TO THINK ABOUT THE ROSE,
THE VOLCANOES AND
THE BAOBAB TREE ON HIS OWN PLANET.

THE NEXT PLANET WAS THE LAST PLANET THAT
THE LITTLE PRINCE VISITED.
I DON'T REMEMBER IT'S NAME,
SO I WILL JUST CALL IT THE LAST PLANET.

ON THAT PLANET,
HE ENCOUNTERED A GROUP OF PEOPLE
SITTING WITH IMPASSIVE LOOKS ON THEIR FACES.

"HI."

SEVERAL OF THE PEOPLE FROM THE CROWD
SAW THE LITTLE PRINCE AND SURROUNDED HIM.

"WE HAVE FULFILLED OUR RESPONSIBILITIES.
WE HAVE DONE EVERYTHING THAT WE COULD."

"DO YOU THINK IT'S MY FAULT, TOO?
EVEN THOUGH I FULFILLED MY RESPONSIBILITY?"

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN? RESPONSIBILITY? FAULT?"

THEY WHISPERED FOR A MOMENT,
AND THEN PERSISTENTLY CONTINUED THEIR INQUIRY.

"THAT'S RIGHT, RESPONSIBILITY.
THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS
HAPPENING IN THE WORLD.
WE CAN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OF THEM."

THE LITTLE PRINCE WAS CONFUSED,
BUT HE STARTED TALKING ABOUT
THE KIND OF RESPONSIBILITY THAT HE KNEW.

"I HAVE A ROSE."
"IT MAY ONLY BE ONE OF MANY, MANY ROSES,
BUT AS LONG AS SHE BLOOMS ON MY PLANET,
I THINK THAT I'M RESPONSIBLE
FOR TAKING CARE OF THAT ROSE."

"SO I PUT THE ROSE UNDER THE GLASS GLOBE
TO SHIELD IT AGAINST THE COLD WIND."

"NOT JUST A ROSE.
THERE ARE SEVERAL VOLCANOES, TOO.
I CLEAN THEM FREQUENTLY SO THAT
THEY DON'T ERUPT
AND PUT ME IN DANGER SOMEDAY."

THE PEOPLE WERE SILENT FOR A MOMENT,
UNSURE OF WHAT TO SAY OR HOW TO RESPOND,
THEN THEY STARTED REPEATING THE SAME THING.

"YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHEN YOU'RE AN ADULT."
"YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHEN YOU'RE AN ADULT."
"YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHEN YOU'RE AN ADULT."

AFTER PASSING THROUGH
THE **SOUTHERN, EASTERN, WESTERN, O-SHAPED**
AND **LAST** PLANET, THE FINAL PLANET WAS EARTH.

THERE, HE MET A FOX.

"YOU'RE NOTHING BUT ONE OF COUNTLESS BOYS.
BUT IF YOU TAME ME,
I WOULD BE THE ONLY ONE OF
MY KIND IN THE WORLD FOR YOU.
OF COURSE, THAT WOULD ALSO MAKE YOU
THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON
IN THE WORLD TO ME."

"IF YOU SAY THAT YOU WILL BE HERE
AT FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON,
I WILL START GETTING HAPPY AT THREE.
AS TIME GOES ON,
I WILL GET HAPPIER AND HAPPIER.
AT FOUR, I'LL BE SO EXCITED THAT I'M NOT SURE
I WILL BE ABLE TO WAIT!"

"PLEASE... TAME ME!"

SAID THE FOX.

AND SO THEY TAMED EACH OTHER,
AND FORMED A RELATIONSHIP.

"YOU HAVE GOLDEN HAIR. WHEAT IS GOLD TOO,
SO IT WILL REMIND ME OF YOU.
THEN I WILL LOVE THE SOUND
OF WIND SWEEPING PAST THE WHEAT..."

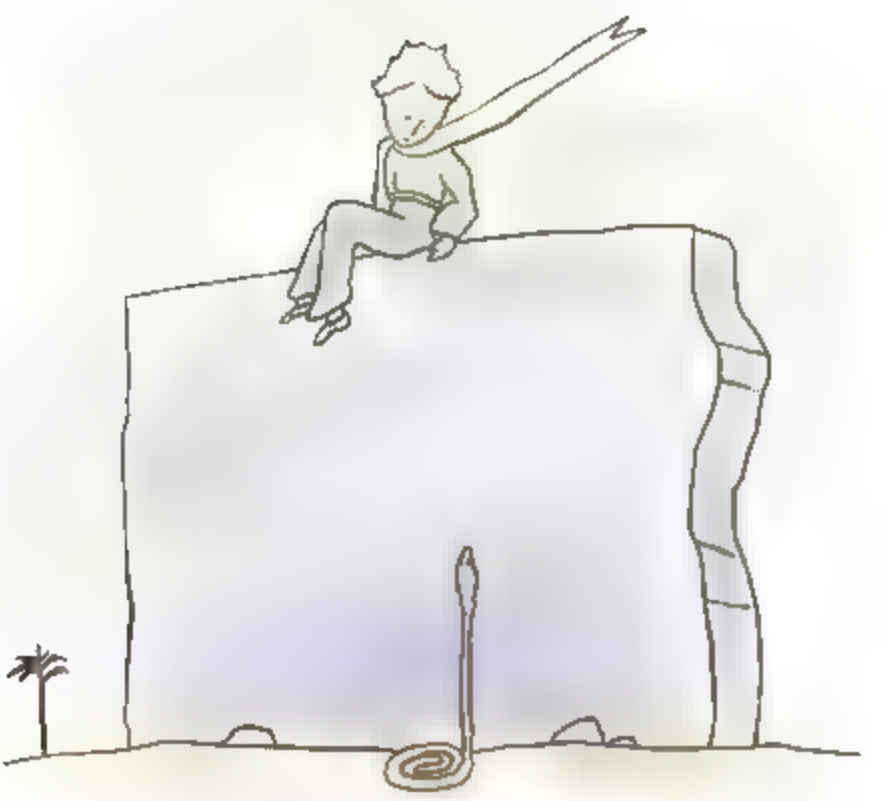
THE LITTLE PRINCE'S WORLD GOT WIDER,
AND AS IT GOT WIDER,
THERE WERE MORE AND MORE THINGS
THAT HE NAMED AND TREASURED.

"THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS CANNOT
BE SEEN WITH THE EYES."
"PEOPLE HAVE FORGOTTEN THE TRUTH."

AS THE FOX SAID,
PEOPLE NO LONGER HAD TIME TO
GET TO KNOW ANYTHING.
SINCE PEOPLE ONLY EVER BOUGHT THINGS
THAT ARE ALREADY MADE,
AND LISTENED TO RUMORS THAT WERE MADE UP.

"TAKE CARE."

THE FOX SAID THIS WHILE SOBBING.



PROBABLY.

IF THE LITTLE PRINCE HAD MORE TIME,
HE WOULD HAVE NO DOUBT
MADE MORE FRIENDS AND BEEN ABLE
TO EXPERIENCE MORE WORLDS.

BUT AFTER EIGHT DAYS OF BEING IN THE DESERT
AND ANOTHER TWO DAYS,
THE LITTLE PRINCE RETURNED TO HIS PLANET.

BELOW THE LITTLE PRINCE. BELOW A STONE WALL.
I DISCOVERED A POISONOUS SNAKE.
I REACHED FOR THE GUN AROUND MY WAIST
AND DASHED FOR IT,
BUT THE SNAKE MADE A METALLIC SOUND,
AND WITHOUT BEING FLUSTERED IN THE SLIGHTEST,
SKILLFULLY HID HIS BODY AMONG THE STONES.

HE LOOKED AT ME AND THEN PUT
HIS ARM AROUND MY NECK.
I FELT HIS HEART RACING LIKE THAT OF A BIRD.

"I'M GOING BACK HOME TODAY..."

"THE JOURNEY AHEAD OF ME IS MUCH LONGER...
AND MORE DIFFICULT..."

THEN HE GAVE ME A MELANCHOLY SMILE.

"YOU WERE AFRAID, WEREN'T YOU..."

MY VISION WENT DARK AS I SENSED
THAT SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING WHICH
COULD NEVER BE UNDONE.

"I WANT TO HEAR THE SOUND
OF YOUR LAUGH AGAIN..."

THE LITTLE PRINCE SPOKE.

"LET ME WALK ONE STEP ON MY OWN."
"MISTER... THE FLOWER.
I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FLOWER.
PLUS, SHE'S SO INNOCENT AND DELICATE.
SHE TRIES TO DEFEND HERSELF WITH
HER FOUR LITTLE THORNS..."

HE STILL HESITATED A LITTLE; THEN HE GOT UP.
HE TOOK ONE STEP. I COULD NOT MOVE.

FROM HIS ANKLES FLASHED
A SINGLE YELLOW RAY OF LIGHT.
HE STOOD THERE FOR A MOMENT.

THEN HE SLOWLY COLLAPSED, AS A TREE FALLS.
HE DIDN'T EVEN MAKE A SOUND
BECAUSE OF THE SAND.

I KNOW

THAT HE RETURNED TO HIS PLANET.

WHENEVER YOU'RE TRAVELING IN THE DESERT,
IF A LITTLE BOY HAPPENS TO APPROACH YOU,
AND IF HIS HAIR IS BLOND,
I HOPE YOU DO ME A KIND FAVOR.

DON'T LEAVE ME TO BE SAD LIKE THIS.

PLEASE WRITE A LETTER TO SAY
THAT THAT BOY HAS RETURNED...

LINE Webtoon